Goldie: Hi, honey. How was school?

Shania: Mom, you know how we have to give all our mobile devices to the teacher before a test so we can't cheat?

Goldie: Mm-hmm.

Shania: Turns out, Wilbur has been sneaking an iTouch under that affected hipster hat he wears so Mr. Litchfield took away his hat, and Wilbur went totally aggro...he was like, "don't touch the bleeping hat!" It was exhilarating. How was your day?

Goldie: Ooh, bleeping exhausting. This baby is **sucking up** all my energy.

Shania: I know what will wake you up. A dance party.

Goldie: No, Shania, the baby's sleeping right now so mommy has to stay real still.

Shania: (Dance music blares) Come on! Let's dance.

Hey, okay. Wiggle. Woo-hoo! Push the cart.

Goldie: (Panting) You know what, honey? Um, baby, you've hardly touched your video games lately. Why don't you kill some zombies or open a bakery or something?

Shania: Okay, cool. How much screen time can I have?

Goldie: Let me just close my eyes and have a think about that. Oh, gosh.

(Video game buzzing and zapping)

Nurse: (Doll squeaking) Seven, eight, nine, 30. Okay, so you can see that doing cpr on a baby is no different than doing cpr on an adult. Except you can't pound on the

baby's chest and scream, "breathe, damn it!" (Laughs) Or you'll probably crush

most of its ribs and its vertebrae.

David: Or you could puncture the pericardium.

Nurse: Look at you, very good. Exactly right, David. Okay, it's your turn. Okay. Now, we're just gonna dive right in to a life and death scenario.

Bryan: Great.

Nurse: Your baby just swallowed a button. Oh, no. It's airway is blocked. Okay. What's the first thing you do... go!

Bryan: Uh, make sure you have a replacement button.

David: Bryan, come on.(Phone chimes) Oh. Ooh.

Bryan: Oh, I'm sorry, I just have a quick Twitter emergency.

David: Now? **It's life or death.**

Bryan: Honey, this is life or death. I'm in the middle of a horrible PR crisis at work.

Nurse: What happened?

Bryan: I spoke very loudly at one of the actresses on <i>sing!</i> Because she showed up late to rehearsal and reeked of John Mayer. Okay. And then, she tweets about it, and now all of Twitter is saying that I'm mean, and my face is doughy and bloodless.

Nurse: Which actress was it? Was it the bohemian one? Okay...

Bryan: No, that's a different one.

Nurse: Ooh, she seems like a real **pain in the ass**, that one.

Bryan: She is a pain in the... I could tell you stories that would **curl your hair.**

David: Guys, baby.

Bryan, Nurse: Yeah. Oh.

Bryan: Just let me finish this real quick for work.

David: That's what you said last night, when I caught you on dlisted reading about how Brazil needs One Direction.

Nurse: (Gasps):They do.  
Bryan: This is my work, honey. (Phone chimes)

Nurse: Is that me or you?

Bryan: That's not me.

Nurse: Oh, it's me. Jennifer love Hewitt Google alert. Ooh. She's getting takeout

in Brentwood. Yeah.

Bryan: Chinese?

Nurse: No. Indian. Huh? What's the story behind that?

David: Guys, come on.

Bryan: Sorry. Yes. Okay. (Phone chimes) Ooh. Oh! Oh. Ooh, it's a ratings update.

Nurse: What did they say?

Bryan: Yeah, it's the live plus threes. That's the DVR numbers. That's really the only thing that matters now.

Nurse: That's what I heard.

Bryan: Is the live plus threes.

David: You know what else matters now?

Oh, yes. Yeah, okay. Yuh-huh. And how. Aah, what do I do?!

Both: Open the airway. (Phone chimes) Ooh. Oh. (Laughs) Okay. (Laughter)

Nurse: It's so pavlovian, isn't it?

Bryan: As soon as you hear a ding, you just reach for your phone.

Nurse: Right? It's like our brain is now trained to do it that way. Whenever I hear

a ding or a ring, I'm like a dog in a car. (Laughter)

Bryan: It's like the ding is the new ring. Hey...I'm gonna tweet that.

Nurse: I'm gonna retweet it.

Bryan: I'm gonna take a picture of you retweeting, and then we're gonna instagram it. Oh. Nice. (Beeping) Well, that's not me.

David: That actually could be me. No, it's not... (Beeping)

Bryan: Oh.

Nurse: Sometimes you can save 'em, and sometimes you can't. So what happened with that bohemian girl? Does she smell as bad as she looks?

Bryan: Well, every time she walks out of her damn trailer, it's like Woodstock just waft...It's like a burning...

Nurse: I can smell her from my couch.

Right this way. Thanks.

Rocky: I bet this is a first for you. Having lunch with a black person.

Jane: I will have you know that I once had brunch with Mr. Nipsey Russell. I won a contest.

Rocky: You know, the first 11 times I met you, I felt like choking you out. But now I see, you just speak your mind. We're not so different, Jane.

Jane: Please. Call me Mrs. forrest. And don't get too **carried away with yourself.** We had drinks on Halloween. Doesn't mean we're gonna start swapping underpants

anytime soon.

Rocky: Well, good, because I'm not wearing any. I'm just saying, we're both smart women with strong opinions and life goals.

Jane: Oh, yeah? What are your life goals?

Rocky: Well, being Bryan's assistant is just a stepping stone for me. Pretty soon, I'll

produce my own TV shows, I'll own a ranch in Santa Barbara and have my own assistant. You interested?

Jane: Thanks, no. I have my own plans. You see, since I'm going to be here until Goldie delivers the baby, I thought I'd get my California real estate license. I start classes at the learning annex next week.

Rocky: The annex? (Yeah.) Get with the times, woman. Take those classes online right now.

Jane: The Internet is for porn mongers and people too rude to write a proper thank-you note. Anyway, I am a people person. I did fine in Ohio with just a flyer and an ad in the yellow pages.

Rocky: Well, you know, in today's world, if you don't exist online, you don't exist. Now, at some point, you'll need to figure out your brand... what you do, why you do it better and how to turn that into a customized fragrance. In the meantime, we can get you set up with an e-mail, a web site and a Twitter account.

Jane: How long will all that take?

Rocky: Here's your Twitter account.

Jane: But that didn't take but two seconds of work. Your people must love this Internet.

Rocky: Look, when you want to say something to the world, you type it right here on Twitter. Now, you're gonna need to think before you... Oh, my God. It's like giving a monkey a loaded gun.

David: Bryan, can you grab the salad dressing? It's in the other bag. (Video game chirping) Bryan?

Bryan: Yes. What?

David: Dressing.

Bryan: Yes.

Goldie: Shania, come to the table, please.

Shania: (Humming) Hey, David, I'm IM-ing with my friend, and her father's complaining of an inflammation in his right thigh. I went on webmd, and I

think it might be phlebitis, but what do you think? Warning: May be graphic.

David: Oh, my God, that's phlebitis. Who is your friend?

Shania: Ngabile. She lives in... Zambia.

Bryan: Zambia. Oh, I should tweet that. Yeah. <i>Sing!</i> Should do a cover of

Toto's "Africa." "Love or hate? Vote, and you decide." Look, this is a great PR tool.

Watch how this will work.

Goldie: Shania, put that away, please.

Shania: Mom, I'm trying to save a man's life.

Goldie: You know, I read online that the whole eating-for-two thing is a myth, but I don't care. I'm gonna eat enough for triplets. (Laughs) Guys?

David: No. Bryan. He's constantly on that thing.

Bryan: David, you are on your phone almost as much as I'm on mine.

David: I am a doctor. I have patients who need me.

Bryan: Yeah, you are trying to buy a golf putter on eBay.

David: Hey! I bring life into the world.

Bryan: Well, I inform and entertain millions.

David: Who wouldn't be here if I didn't bring them into the world. Well... Oh! Oh, my

God, I won the putter. You can click "buy it now," but you're just overpaying. Suckahs!

Shania: Ngabile's dad needs an anticoagulant. I should look up the contra-indications.

Goldie: Mm-hmm. All right, enough! This is crazy! I'd get more face time with you guys if we were actually on facetime.

David: Goldie's right. We can't be like this when the baby gets here.

Bryan: I know. This is just terrible. We need to try to be present for our child.

David: I think we need to **wean ourselves off** of technology now.

Bryan: Well, I read online that Rita Wilson and her family do this thing on Saturdays where they go completely tech-free.

Goldie: Why don't we do that?

Bryan: Yeah, we could just do one day totally tech-free.

Goldie: Shania, give me your iPad.

Shania: No, wait! You're being incredibly impetuous, which is a word I learned from word of the day on dictionary. Com. You can't take it away! How will I grow? How

will I learn new things?

Goldie: Shh, shh. No more discussion. This will be good for us. Are you in?

David: I'm in, but Bryan can't go unplugged even for a minute.

Bryan: A minute? Of course, I can. Just let me set the timer on my iPhone. (Beeps) Why are you all looking at me? She's the junkie.

Jane: Oh good. I have more questions for you about the computer.

Rocky: Hold on. I'm sexting with my boyfriend. You want to kiss my "inbred" thighs? Darnell! Oh. Autocorrect. He meant, I want to kiss your <i>inner</i> thighs. "I love you, too, Darnell, you dirty dog."

Jane: My God, is nothing sacred anymore?! Don't you realize that sexual congress is the last intimacy two people can share, and now with this device, that's gonna go the way of the elevator operator.

Rocky: Honey, virtual sex is better than real sex. When we're done, I don't have to cuddle my man. I can just order me a pair of new slippers online. Now what's your computer question, Mrs. Garrett? What?! You have 422 followers?!

Jane: Is that a lot?

Rocky: How? Yesterday, you didn't know the difference between a hashtag or a skin tag.

Jane: There is nothing to this Twitter. See, look, I log in as @nanaurbusiness...

that's my handle. I say what I always say, and these screen-worshiping chair potatoes think I'm edgy

Rocky: "If you follow Rachel Maddow, punch yourself in your hairy crotch." Mm-hmm. Oh, my God, you cannot say all that!

Jane: I can, and I did.

Rocky: Okay, well, tweet whatever you want but don't say I didn't warn you.

Jane: I know exactly what I'm doing. At nanaurbusiness is gonna make me the biggest real estate agent in this town. The more I tell it like it is, the more followers I get. Hmm. Now show me how to add photos and videos.

Rocky: Okay, I'm probably going to burn for this, but you download your photos and videos to your desktop, attach it to you Twitter, hit "send," and share it with your 422 twisted followers.

Jane: Whatever. Just show me an example.

Rocky: Okay. I have some hilarious auto-tune news. A dog that can't stop sneezing. Oh. (Phone buzzing) Hold on. Darnell is squatting over the camera. I need a moment.

Jane: You need a pastor. "For your eyes only." Oh. This looks interesting.

(Playing gentle melody) ♪ From a club that smells like desperation ♪ ♪ to our wedding day, I just want to say ♪ ♪ let's push a stroller, just me and you ♪ ♪ you're my Dr. Davey, and I'm your dude ♪ ♪ we'll ourselves a family,

our own little brood... ♪ ♪ <i>ah, ah, ah, ah...</i> ♪ ♪ all we need's a test tube

and a hand full of lube... ♪

Oh, my God. This is the gayest thing ever. "The gayest video ever." Attach, okay, send.

Bret Easton Ellis is following me? Blocked.

David: This was a good idea. Making dinner as a family, no interruptions from our phones.

Bryn: It's kind of liberating. Yeah, I wish I could instagram a picture of my relaxed face right now.

Goldie: Oh, baby, what are you wearing?

Shania: It's my pilgrim costume for my school's Thanksgiving play.

Bryan: You are so Kelly McGillis in <i>witness</i> right now. Or Helena Bonham-Carter in anything.

David: Don't you think you're taking this a little too far, sweetie?

Shania: No. You said you wanted to give up technology. And if you're truly serious about that, If you really want to connect with your child then it shouldn't just include

phones and tablets. It should include all modern conveniences. Unless, you aren't able to take this seriously.

Goldie: Oh. Fine. Let's do this. Tonight we're gonna party like it's 1799. Okay.

Bryan: Uh... Do we all get bonnets?

David: I think I cut my finger off. (Playing light melody)

Goldie: Sweetie! Well done! What a talent! So good. Finally, dinner.

Bryan: Well, I love this candlelight. It makes me look like I'm 14.

Shania: Well, technically, the candles are cheating because we didn't make them ourselves.

David: Yeah, but Martha Stewart did.

Bryan: No, she really did. In her Connecticut farmhouse. She rendered the tallow fat from her beloved but slower-moving pets, and then she added vanilla beans and then she poured it all into molds. And yeah, so we're good.

Shania: Still, without the technological advances of modern science, we wouldn't have antibiotics, refrigerated foods, public sanitation. Our life expectancy would be 38. Ticktock, fellas.

Bryan: Well, these tomatoes look fabulous. Are these from the farmers' market?

Shania: No, I got them from the neighbors across the way. They have a whole garden, and they're really nice about sharing.

David: The neighbors in the brick house? People live there?

Shania: They can totally see into your master bathroom from their guest room balcony.

Goldie: See? When we put down our electronic gadgets, it really gives us a chance to connect with people.

David: Yeah, because before we had all these gadgets, it was downright barbaric.

Bryan: Yeah, Shania, houses only had one phone and they were connected to the wall with a cord. And then if you were trying to reach somebody who was already talking to somebody else, you would hear this terrible sound. It would go err, err, err!

David: And when you wanted the news, an old, out-of-shape white man would come on your television at 6:00 P.M. and actually read it to you.

David: Things were simpler back then. I mean, it would be nice for our kid to experience that. Even just for a little.

Bryan: I know. 'Cause how often do we get the opportunity just to really, you know, sit around and talk to each other?

(Crickets chirping) I'm gonna use the restroom.

Awesome. Yeah. Okay.

David: Is that all right or did you dig a hole in the backyard?

Shania: Please, we're not animals. But just don't use the seat warmer.

Bryan: What are you doing in here? What? I am very disappointed in you.

David: I'm sorry. I was checking my fantasy football league. I love Goldie and Shania, but I have $15 riding on this.

Bryan: I know. Life without technology sucks. I'd rather get stuck in an elevator with Neve Campbell than repeat this day.

David: Come on. Since I cheated, you get to, too. Five minutes. I'll watch the door.

Bryan: Yay, Twitter. If I don't know who Rihanna is mad at-slash-forgiving at any given moment, I just go crazy. In order to do some damage control over my nightmare at work, last week I posted a deleted scene from <i>sing!</i>

Oh. Clea sings a Taylor Swift duet with a pony. Ooh. Can't wait to feel the Twitter love. (Clicks This is weird. What?I have, like, a bazillion comments about some viral video called "the gayest video ever." (Clicks)

♪ Muddling mint for mojitos

♪ and sipping white wine

♪ burning a smudge stick of sage and thyme ♪

♪ hikes in the canyon with smelly the dog ♪

♪ our jaunts to San Fran

♪ holding hands in the fog

♪ you nursed me to health

♪ when I had SARS

who in the hell would

humiliate me like this?♪

Um..."Nanaurbusiness."Well, we have to move. (Rapid, loud knocking) I want your phone, your computer, your flare gun, whatever you use to contact the outside world.

Jane: What are you talking about?

Bryan: You leaked my video to the world.

Jane: Oh, come on, it was hilarious. And I thought you were so proud of your love for your man. Anyway, humiliating you brought 900 new followers to my ever-growing Twitter fan base.

Bryan: That video was meant for David as a surprise on our wedding day, and it was private.

Jane: If you want privacy, go diddle a bundt cake in the bathtub, but don't have a camera crew record you while you're doing it and then whine when it gets leaked.

You were asking for this. Uh-uh, maude.

Bryan: I had all of those crew members sign non-disclosure agreements.

Jane: Oh, please. Nowadays, you can't slander someone in the back of a cab without it being recorded. Nothing is private anymore. **If you can't do the time, don't record the crime.**

Bryan: I cannot believe you did this. I feel extremely violated.

Jane: Well, how do you think the rest of us feel when you dance like a Vietnamese kid running across a minefield. God, these gays are so... sensitive.(Beep, music stops)

Bryan: Phones, gadgets, anything with a screen, put 'em in here. Come on, come on.

No more technology at work, you guys. It's unprofessional, it's a time-suck. Get it in. In, in, in. No phones, no PDAs. If you have to bring in a source of information, bring in a newspaper. You, too, Devin. No, no, no, no. I don't have time for your acting.Quick, quick, quick. Get it in. Oh, come on. Be smarter than the trash can. So now that we're free of all of this nonsense, we can focus on our craft. Now, we have a big Carly Rae Jep... Mmm. What's happening? Mmm. Mmm. Okay.

We saw your video, and the side you show America is so raw and authentic. It's like you pulled back the curtains to show everybody who you really are. I mean, that is so brave, man. Mm-hmm. Hmm. You can un-pucker. You still can't have time off to sing at the nobel peace prize ceremony.

Clea. I'm so glad the Twitter-sphere sees you the way I see my bry-bry, a kindhearted open soul, not afraid to sing his feelings.

Bryan: You can keep your phone. You're my favorite. **I heart you**. I heart you.

"Thank you" @nanaurbusiness and "@mrbryancollins for showing us all what real love is." (Gasps) ♪bryan-is-a-softieis trending. Huh, wha-what? Whoo!

Okay, okay, you guys. Now, the next ten minutes of this dance rehearsal, I want you all to retweet my video to your followers. Cme on. Retweet! Retweet party!

Come on! Quick quick, quick. tweet, tweet, tweet. this is the power of social media, you guys. Use it for good

Shania: Mother. Dawn is breaking Mother. Mom!

Goldie: What? What is it? Are you okay?

Shania: The sun is near risen. There's hardly time to start the fire to boil water for our baths. It's pitch-black out. No matter. We must grind the corn for bread, there are socks that need darning...

Goldie: Okay, okay. I get it. You win. (Groans) Here. Just please let me sleep. And promise me if we're ever in front of your friends' parents and I say I only let you have

one hour of screen time a day, you won't **call me out** as a liar.

Shania: Thank God I'm part of the world again. But, mom, I did learn something from all this. I'll use these devices responsibly, as the powerful tools they are, an evolutionary step in human connection. But I also value hands-on experiences.

I mean, you can watch a video on how to bake bread, but you can't feel the dough

between your fingers or smell it baking or share the laughter and closeness that we...

Mom?

Bryan: Well, I am proud of us. Two nights in a row, living tech-free, going off the grid. I feel like a frontier man.

David: A frontier man who wears eye cream.

(Chuckles)

David: It was nice having a candlelit dinner with you and talking about potential baby names. I love that. I mean, when was the last time we spent a Saturday night not checking our e-mails and watching 48 hours mystery?

Bryan: I don't know, I kind of missed seeing what the title was tonight though.

David: That's true.

Bryan: "Nightmare in Napa." (Laughs)

David: "Two wigs, a gun, and a murder.

Bryan: "The lady in the pool."

(Laughing)

David: You know, we haven't talked about it yet, but that video that you made...

Bryan: Oh, David...I'm sorry it went so public.

David: I loved it.

Bryan: You did?

David: Yeah. I mean, I know that a billion people saw it but...All this talk about us not connecting, that song reminded me of how much we share. I loved our jaunts to San Francisco and holding hands in the fog, muddling mojitos.

Bryan: A little shocked François got a shout-out... Well...

David: But otherwise, I thought it was incredibly sweet.

Bryan: It was supposed to be a surprise for our wedding.

David: Well, you're just gonna have to come up with something even better.

Bryan: A challenge. I accept. So, next Saturday, do you want to do the same thing?

David: Go tech-free? Absolutely. We need to not be distracted by our devices and be present for our kid.

Bryan: I completely agree.

(Phone chimes)

David: No, go get your own glass of water.

(Both laugh)